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**Jahresbericht**  
über  
**die Handelsschule,**

womit zu der,

**Freitag, den 27. September 1867,**

Vormittags von 8 Uhr, und Nachmittags von  $\frac{1}{2}$  3 Uhr ab,

im Hörsaale der Anstalt,

Neue Grünstrasse 29,

stattfindenden

**öffentlichen Prüfung der Schüler**

ehrerbietigst einladet

der

**Director Dr. Franz.**

**Inhalt.**

A Collection of American Popular Songs and Ballads.  
Schulnachrichten.

**Berlin, 1867.**

Druck von J. F. Starcke.

Gift of C. A. Kofold

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A few years ago I happened to read in one of our Literary Magazines an account of an American Penny Song Book, published in New-York. Much was said in praise of it, and the few extracts that were given, made me wish for a copy. My endeavours, however, to procure one were for a long time fruitless, until at length through the kindness of a friend of mine, living in New-York, I obtained not only what I had been wishing for, the Penny Song Book, but also a great number of Popular Songs and Ballads chiefly published during the late American war. I was so pleased with most of them that I made up my mind to have, on the first opportunity, part of them reprinted for the benefit of those that take an interest in this kind of poetry, reserving a greater number for some other occasion, should this first selection prove acceptable. Of course, it must be borne in mind that these songs were written for the "people". And yet I should say that many of them have a real poetical value, that they display great tenderness, nay, that amongst them are to be found some of the most affecting lyrics.

The drollery of the "Nigger" Songs and the humour displayed in the Irish Ballads, contained in the Penny Book, induced me to give a specimen or two of them also: they will I am sure, not be read without winning a smile even from the most morose.

The last poem of the collection — Abraham Lincoln — is so beautiful as to need no comment: it is taken from a larger poem of singular merit, "Man the Spirit", written by a young Californian banker, Mr. Edw. R. Sill, who, judging from this first specimen of his powers, will no doubt one day be reckoned amongst the greatest American poets.

**Franz.**

ROCK ME TO SLEEP, MOTHER

Backward, turn backward, oh time, in your flight,  
Make me a child again, just for to-night;  
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,  
Take me again to your heart, as of yore,  
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,  
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;  
Over my slumbers thy loving watch keep —  
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Chorus. Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,  
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,  
Never hereafter to wake or to weep —  
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Over my heart in the days that are flown,  
No love like mother's love ever has shone;  
No other worship abides and endures,  
Faithful, unselfish, and patient, like yours.  
None like a mother can charm away pain  
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain;  
Slumber soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep —  
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Chorus — Clasped to your heart etc.

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KISS ME GOOD-NIGHT, MOTHER.

Mother, dear mother, the day has seemed long,  
Since the lark warbled his matinal song;  
Sadly the hours have passed, fled since the morn,  
Darkly the moments that ne'er can return:  
No beaming hopefulness, no joyous ray,  
No cheerful sunshine to brighten my way.  
But, mother, your kiss turns the darkness to light,  
Kiss me good-night, mother, kiss me good-night.

Chorus. Thy tender love, mother,  
 Turns all to light;  
 Kiss me good-night, mother,  
 Kiss me good-night.

Mother, dear mother, I'm longing for rest,  
 Longing to slumber for aye with the blest;  
 But when my sad spirit from earth-life is free,  
 Still shall thy presence seem nigh unto me.  
 Oft thy last kiss shall fall soft on my brow —  
 Sadly thine eyes gaze upon me as now;  
 And often I'll say with the angels in white,  
 Kiss me good-night, mother, kiss me good-night.

Chorus. Thy tender love, mother  
 Makes all so bright;  
 Kiss me good-night, mother  
 Kiss me good-night.

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#### WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT A MOTHER?

What is home without a mother?  
 What all the joys we meet,  
 When the loving smile no longer  
 Greets the coming of her feet?  
 The days seem long, the nights are drear,  
 And time rolls slowly on,  
 And O, how few are childhood's pleasures,  
 When her gentle care is gone!

Things we prize are first to vanish, —  
 Hearts we love to pass away;  
 And how soon, e'en in our childhood,  
 We behold her turning gray!  
 Her eyes grow dim, her step is slow,  
 Her joys of earth are past;  
 And sometimes, ere we learn to know her,  
 She hath breathed on earth her last.

Older hearts may have their sorrows,  
 Grievs that quickly die away;  
 But a mother lost in childhood  
 Grieves the heart from day to day.  
 We miss her kind, her willing hand,  
 Her fond and earnest care;  
 And O, how dark is life around us!  
 What is home without her there?

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## HOME AGAIN!

Home again, home again  
 From a foreign shore!  
 And O, it fills my soul with joy,  
 To meet my friends once more,  
 Here I dropped the parting tear  
 To cross the ocean's foam;  
 But now I'm once again with those  
 Who kindly greet me home.  
 Home again! home again  
 From a foreign shore!  
 And O, it fills my soul with joy,  
 To meet my friends once more.

Happy hearts, happy hearts  
 With mine have laughed in glee;  
 But O, the friends I loved in youth,  
 Seem happier to me;  
 And if my guide should be the fate  
 Which bids me longer roam,  
 But death alone can break the tie  
 That binds my heart to home.  
 Happy hearts, etc.

Music sweet, music soft  
 Lingers round the place,  
 And O, I feel the childhood charms,  
 That time cannot efface;  
 Then give me but my homestead roof,  
 I'll ask no palace dome;  
 For I can live a happy life  
 With those I love at home.  
 Music sweet, etc.

## STAR OF THE EVENING.

Beautiful star in heaven so bright,  
 Softly falls thy silver light,  
 As thou movest from earth afar,  
 Star of the evening — beautiful star!

Beautiful star, beautiful star,  
 Star of the evening,  
 Beautiful, beautiful star!

In fancy's eye thou seem'st to say,  
Follow me, come from earth away,  
Upward thy spirit's pinions try,  
To realms of love beyond the sky.

Beautiful star, etc.

Shine on, oh, star of love divine!  
And may our souls around thee twine,  
As thou movest from earth afar,  
Star of the twilight — beautiful star!

Beautiful star, etc.

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#### THE HERITAGE.

The rich man's son inherits lands,  
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,  
And he inherits soft, white hands,  
And tender flesh that fears the cold,  
Nor dares to wear a garment old;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares:  
The bank may break, the factory burn,  
A breath may burst his bubble shares,  
And soft, white hands could hardly earn  
A living that would serve his turn;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants,  
His stomach craves for dainty fare;  
With sated heart he hears the pants  
Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare,  
And wearies in his easy-chair:  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?  
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,  
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;  
King of two hands, he doth his part  
In every useful toil and art;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?  
 Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,  
 A rank adjudged by toil-won merit,  
 Content that from employment springs,  
 A heart that in his labor sings;  
 A heritage, it seems to me,  
 A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?  
 A patience learned of being poor  
 Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,  
 A fellow-feeling that is sure  
 To make the outcast bless his door;  
 A heritage, it seems to me,  
 A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son, there is a toil  
 That with all others level stands:  
 Large charity doth never soil,  
 But only whiten, soft, white hands, —  
 This is the best crop from thy lands;  
 A heritage, it seems to me,  
 Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son, scorn not thy state;  
 There is worse weariness than thine,  
 In merely being rich and great;  
 Toil only gives the soul to shine,  
 And makes rest fragrant and benign;  
 A heritage, it seems to me,  
 Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,  
 Are equal in the earth at last;  
 Both, children of the same dear God,  
 Prove title to your heirship vast  
 By record of a well-filled past;  
 A heritage, it seems to me,  
 Well worth a life to hold in fee.

*James Russell Lowell.*

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#### THE YOUNG SOLDIER.

Oh! were ye ne'er a school-boy?  
 And did you never train,  
 And feel that swelling of the heart  
 You cannot feel again?

Didst never meet, far down the street,  
 With plumes and banners gay,  
 While the kettle, for the kettle-drum,  
 Played your march, march away?

It seems to me but yesterday,  
 Nor scarce so long ago,  
 Since we shouldered our muskets  
 To charge the fearful foe:  
 Our muskets were of cedar wood,  
 With ramrod bright and new,  
 With bayonet for ever set,  
 And painted barrel ton.

We charged upon a flock of geese,  
 And put them all to flight,  
 Except one sturdy gander  
 That thought to show us fight:  
 But, ah! we knew a thing or two;  
 Our captain wheeled the van —  
 We routed him, we scouted him,  
 Nor lost a single man.

Our captain was as brave a lad  
 As e'er commission bore;  
 All brightly shone his good tin sword,  
 And a paper cap he wore;  
 He led us up the hillside,  
 Against the western wind,  
 While the cockerel plume that decked his head  
 Streamed bravely out behind.

We shouldered arms, we carried arms,  
 We charged the bayonet;  
 And woe unto the mullen stalk  
 That in our course we met.  
 At two o'clock the roll was called,  
 And, till the close of day,  
 With our brave and plumed captain  
 We fought the mimic fray, —  
 When the supper-bell we knew so well,  
 Came stealing up from out the dell  
 For our march, march away!

*James H. Perkins.*

## KIND WORDS CAN NEVER DIE.

Kind words can never die,  
 Cherished and blest,  
 God knows how deep they lie  
 Stored in the breast,  
 Like childhood's simple rhymes,  
 Said o'er a thousand times,  
 Go thro' all years and climes  
 The heart to cheer —  
 Kind words can never die.

Childhood can never die —  
 Wrecks of the past  
 Float o'er the memory,  
 Bright to the last.  
 Many a happy thing,  
 Many a daisy spring  
 Float o'er time's ceaseless wing,  
 Far, far away —  
 Childhood can never die.

Sweet thoughts can never die,  
 Tho' like the flowers  
 Their brightest hues may fly  
 In wintry hours:  
 But when the gentle dew  
 Gives them their charms anew,  
 With many an added hue,  
 They bloom again —  
 Sweet thoughts can never die.

Our souls can never die —  
 Though in the tomb  
 We may all have to lie,  
 Wrapped in its gloom.  
 What tho' flesh decay,  
 Souls pass in peace away,  
 Live thro' eternal day  
 With Christ above —  
 Our souls can never die.

## MOTHER, I'VE COME HOME TO DIE.

Dear mother, I remember well  
 The parting kiss you gave to me,  
 When merrily rang the village bell,  
 My heart was full of joy and glee;

I did not dream that one short year  
 Would crush the hopes that soar'd so high!  
 Oh, mother dear, draw near to me,  
 Dear mother, I've come home to die.

Chorus: Call sister, brother to my side,  
 And take your soldier's last good-bye;  
 Oh, mother dear, draw near to me,  
 Dear mother, I've come home to die.

Hark! mother, 'tis the village bell,  
 I can no longer with thee stay;  
 My country calls to arms, to arms,  
 The foe advance in fierce array!  
 The vision 's past — I feel that now  
 For country I can only sigh;  
 Oh, mother dear, draw near to me,  
 Dear mother, I've come home to die.

Chorus: Call brother, etc.

Dear mother, sister, brother, all,  
 One parting kiss, to all good-bye;  
 Weep not, but clasp your hand in mine,  
 And let me like a soldier die!  
 I've met the foe upon the field  
 Where kindred fiercely did defy;  
 I fought for Right. God bless the flag!  
 Dear mother, I've come home to die.

Chorus: Call brother, etc.

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DO THEY THINK OF ME AT HOME?

Do they think of me at home?  
 Do they ever think of me?  
 I who shared their every grief,  
 I who mingled in their glee?  
 Have their hearts grown cold and strange  
 To the one now doomed to roam —  
 I would give the world to know,  
 Do they think of me at home?

Chorus: Do they think of me at home?  
 Do they ever think of me?



Do they think of me at eve,  
 Of the songs I used to sing?  
 Is the harp I struck untouched?  
 Does another wake the string?  
 Will no kind, forgiving word  
 Come across the raging foam?  
 Shall I ever cease to sigh  
 Do they think of me at home?

Chorus: Do they think etc.

# DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME?

Do they miss me at home, do they miss me?  
 'Twould be an assurance most dear,  
 To know that this moment some loved one  
 Were saying, I wish he were here!  
 To feel that the group at the fireside  
 Were thinking of me as I roam;  
 Oh, yes, 'twould be joy beyond measure  
 To know that they missed me at home.

When twilight approaches the season  
 That ever is sacred to song,  
 Does some one repeat my name over,  
 And sigh that I tarry so long?  
 And is there a chord in the music  
 That's miss'd when my voice is away?  
 And a chord in each heart that awaketh  
 Regret at my wearisome stay?

Do they set me a chair near the table  
 When ev'ning's home pleasures are nigh?  
 When the candles are lit in the parlour,  
 And the stars in the calm azure sky;  
 And when the "good nights" are repeated,  
 And all lay them down to their sleep,  
 Do they think of the absent, and waft me  
 A whispered "good night", while they weep?

Do they miss me at home -- do they miss me,  
 At morning, at noon, or at night?  
 And lingers one gloomy shade round them  
 That only my presence can light?  
 Are joys less invitingly welcome,  
 And pleasures less hale than before,  
 Because one is miss'd from the circle,  
 Because I am with them no more?

## BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

A Soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers;  
 There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;  
 But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed away,  
 And bent with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.  
 The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's hand,  
 And he said: I never more shall see my own, my native land,  
 Take a message, and a token to some distant friends of mine,  
 For I was born at Bingen, at Bingen on the Rhine.

Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around  
 To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vine-yard ground,  
 That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was done,  
 Full many a corse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting sun;  
 And midst the dead and dying were some grown old in wars,  
 The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars;  
 But some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn decline,  
 And one had come from Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine.

Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age,  
 And I was, aye, a truant bird that thought his home a cage;  
 For my father was a soldier, and, even as a child,  
 My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild,  
 And when he died and left us to divide his scanty hoard,  
 I let them take whatever they would — but kept my father's sword,  
 And, with boyish love, I hung it where the bright light used to shine,  
 On the cottage wall at Bingen — calm Bingen on the Rhine!

Tell my sisters not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,  
 When the troops are marching home again with glad and gallant tread;  
 But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye;  
 For her brother was a soldier, too, and not afraid to die —  
 And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her, in my name,  
 To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame,  
 And to hang the old sword in its place, (my father's sword and mine)  
 For the honor of old Bingen — dear Bingen on the Rhine!

There's another — not a sister — in the happy days gone by  
 You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;  
 Too innocent for coquetry — too fond for idle scorning —  
 Oh! friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning:  
 Tell her the last night of my life, (for, ere this moon be risen,  
 My body will be out of pain — my soul be out of prison) —  
 I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sun-light shine  
 On the vine-clad hill of Bingen — fair Bingen on the Rhine!



I saw the blue Rhine sweep along — I heard, or seemed to hear  
 The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear;  
 And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill  
 That echoing chorus sounded through the evening calm and still;  
 And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed, with friendly talk,  
 Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered walk;  
 And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine,  
 But we'll meet no more at Bingen — loved Bingen on the Rhine!

His voice grew faint and hoarser — his grasp was childish weak —  
 His eyes put on a dying look — he sighed, and ceased to speak —  
 His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled,  
 The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land was dead!  
 And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down  
 On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses strown;  
 Yea, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine,  
 As it shone on distant Bingen — fair Bingen on the Rhine!

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#### THE SOLDIER'S LETTER.

How sweet, when night her misty veil  
 Around the weary soldier throws,  
 And twilight's golden skies grow pale,  
 And wooing winds invite repose,  
 To sit beside the watchfire's blaze,  
 Where friendly comrades nightly come,  
 To sing the song of other days,  
 And talk of things we love at home, —

Of those we love and list and wait,  
 Beneath the same benignant moon,  
 The postman's step behind the gate,  
 With tidings from the absent one;  
 And beaming smiles their thoughts reveal,  
 And love is mirrored in their eyes,  
 As eagerly they break the seal,  
 Elate with joy and glad surprise.

But dearer yet the shout that rings  
 In exultation loud and clear,  
 To hail the messenger who brings  
 Letters from home and kindred dear;  
 And 'neath the pale moon's smiling light  
 The soldier reads his treasure o'er;  
 And through the hours of silent night,  
 In dreams he visits home once more.

In dreams he sits beside the hearth,  
 Afar from camps and traitor's wiles,  
 And deems the dearest spot on earth  
 Where loving wife and mother smiles;  
 And many a face almost forgot,  
 And many a word so fondly spoken,  
 Come flitting round the soldier's cot,  
 Till the sweet dream, at morn, is broken.

O ye who love the soldier well,  
 Bid him be hopeful, brave, and gay;  
 Better he knows than you can tell,  
 The perils that attend his way.  
 Some word of hope in battle's hour,  
 While striving with a vengeful foe,  
 Has nerved the soldier's arm with power,  
 To strike or ward the impending blow.

The soldier brave is often prone  
 To deem himself forgotten quite,  
 A wanderer on the earth alone,  
 When friends at home neglect to write.  
 Then cheer him oft with words like these,  
 And thus your deep affection prove;  
 Let every keel that ploughs the seas  
 Bear him some message full of love.

#### THE SOLDIER'S MOTHER.

It is night; almost morning — the clock has struck three;  
 Who can tell where, this moment, my darling may be!  
 On the window has gathered the moisture like dew,  
 I can see where the moonbeams steal tremblingly through;  
 It is cold, but not windy, — how dreary and damp  
 It must be for our soldiers exposed in the camp;  
 Though I know it is warmer and balmier there,  
 Yet I shrink from the thought of the chilling night-air;  
 For he never was used to the hardships of men  
 When at home, for I shielded and cherished him then;  
 And to all that could tend to his comfort I saw, —  
 For he seemed like a child till he went to the War!

He is twenty, I know, and boys younger than he,  
 In the ranks going by every day we can see;  
 And those stronger and prouder by far I have met,  
 But I never have seen a young soldier, as yet,  
 With so gallant a mien, or so lofty a brow, —  
 How the sun and the wind must have darkened it now!

How he will have been changed when he comes from the South! —  
 With his beard shutting out the sweet smiles of his mouth;  
 And the tremulous beauty, the womanly grace  
 Will be bronzed from the delicate lines of his face,  
 Where, of late, only childhood's soft beauty I saw, —  
 For he seemed like a child till he went to the War!

He was always so gentle, and ready to yield,  
 And so frank, there was nothing kept back or concealed;  
 He was always so sparkling with laughter and joy,  
 I had thought he never could cease being a boy;  
 But when sounded the cannon for battle, and when  
 Rose the rallying cry of our Nation for men,  
 From the dream-loving mood of his boyhood he passed,  
 From his path the light fetters of pleasure he cast,  
 And rose, ready to stand in the perilous van,  
 Not the tremulous boy, but the resolute man;  
 And I gazed on him sadly, with trembling and awe, —  
 He was only a child till he went to the War!

There are homes that are humbler and sadder than ours;  
 There are ways that are barer of beauty and flowers;  
 There are those that must suffer for fire and bread,  
 Living only to sorrow and wish they were dead;  
 I must try and be patient — I must not repine —  
 But what heart is more lonely, more anxious than mine!  
 Or what hearth can be darker than mine seems to be,  
 Now the glow of the firelight is all I can see, —  
 Where my darling, in beauty, so lately I saw, —  
 He was only a child, till he went to the War!

#### THE DYING CALIFORNIAN.

Lay up nearer, brother, nearer, for my limbs are growing cold,  
 And thy presence seemeth dearer when thy arms around me fold.  
 I am dying, brother, dying, soon you will miss me in your berth,  
 And my form will soon be lying beneath the ocean's briny surf.

Hearken to me, brother, hearken, I have something I would say,  
 Ere this veil my vision darken and I go from hence away;  
 I am going, surely going, but my hopes in God are strong,  
 I am willing, brother, knowing that he doeth nothing wrong.

Tell my father when you greet him that in death I prayed for him,  
 Pray'd that I might one day meet him in a world that's free from sin:  
 Tell my mother, God assist her now that she is growing old,  
 Say her son would glad have kissed her when his lips grew pale and cold.

Hearken to me — catch each whisper, 'tis my wife I'd speak of now,  
 Tell, oh tell her how I missed her when the fever burned my brow;  
 Hearken to me, closely listen, don't forget a single word,  
 That in death my eyes did glisten with the tears her memory stirred.

Tell her to kiss my children, like the kiss I last impressed,  
 Hold them as last I held them, folded closely to my breast;  
 Give them early to their Maker, putting all their trust in God,  
 And He never will forsake her — He has said so in His word.

O my children, Heaven bless them! they were all my life to me;  
 Would I could once more caress them, ere I sink beneath the sea.  
 'Twas for them I crossed the ocean, what my hopes were I'll not tell,  
 But they have gain'd an orphan's portion, yet He doeth all things well.

Tell my sisters I remember every kindly parting word,  
 And my heart has been kept tender by the thoughts their memory stirr'd.  
 Tell them that I never reached the haven where I sought the precious dust,  
 But I've gained a port called Heaven, where the gold doth never rust.

Urge them to secure an entrance, for they will find their brother there,  
 Faith in Jesus and repentance will secure for them a share:  
 Hark! I hear my Saviour calling — 'tis, I know his voice so well;  
 When I'm gone, O don't be weeping, brother, hear my last Farewell!

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#### DRIVING HOME THE COWS.

Out of the clover and blue-eyed grass  
 He turned them into the river lane;  
 One after another he let them pass,  
 Then fastened the meadow bars again.

Under the willows, and over the hill,  
 He patiently followed their sober pace;  
 The merry whistle for once was still,  
 And something shadowed the sunny face.

Only a boy! and his father had said  
 He never could let his youngest go;  
 Two already were lying dead  
 Under the feet of the trampling foe.

But after the evening work was done,  
 And the frogs were loud in the meadow swamp,  
 Over his shoulder he slung his gun  
 And stealthily followed the foot-path damp:

Across the clover and through the wheat,  
 With resolute heart and purpose grim,  
 Though cold was the dew on his hurrying feet,  
 And the blind bat's flitting startled him.

Thrice since then had the lanes been white,  
 And the orchards sweet with apple-bloom;  
 And now, when the cows came back at night,  
 The feeble father drove them home.

For news had come to the lonely farm  
 That three were lying where two had lain;  
 And the old man's tremulous, palsied arm  
 Could never lean on a son's again.

The summer day grew cool and late:  
 He went for the cows when the work was done;  
 But down the lane, as he opened the gate,  
 He saw them coming one by one:

Brindle, Ebony, Speckle, and Bess,  
 Shaking their horns in the evening wind,  
 Cropping the butter-cups out of the grass;  
 But who was it following close behind?

Loosely swung in the idle air  
 The empty sleeve of army blue;  
 And worn and pale, from the crisping hair,  
 Looked out a face that the father knew.

For Southern prisons will sometimes yawn,  
 And yield their dead unto life again;  
 And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn,  
 In golden glory at last may wane.

The great tears sprang to their meeting eyes;  
 For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb:  
 And under the silent evening skies  
 Together they followed the cattle home.

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LET ME KISS HIM FOR HIS MOTHER.

Let me kiss him for his mother,  
 Let me kiss his youthful brow;  
 I will love him for his mother,  
 And seek her blessing now.



Kind friends have soothed his pillow,  
 Have watch'd his every care;  
 Beneath the weeping willow,  
 Oh, lay him gently there.

Chorus: Sleep, dearest, sleep,  
 I love you as a brother;  
 Kind friends around you weep,  
 I've kiss'd you for your mother.

Let me kiss him for his mother,  
 What though left a stranger here?  
 She has loved him as none other,  
 I feel her blessing near.  
 Though cold that form lies sleeping,  
 Sweet angels watch around;  
 Dear friends are near thee weeping,  
 Oh, lay him gently down.

Chorus: Sleep, dearest, sleep,  
 I love you as a brother;  
 Kind friends around you weep,  
 I've kiss'd you for your mother.

Let me kiss him for his mother,  
 Or perchance a sister dear;  
 If a father or a brother,  
 I know their blessing's here.  
 Then kiss him for his mother,  
 'Twill soothe her after years;  
 Farewell, dear stranger, brother,  
 Our requiem, our tears.

Chorus: Sleep, dearest, sleep,  
 I love you as a brother;  
 Kind friends around you weep,  
 I've kiss'd you for your mother.

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#### THE VACANT CHAIR.

We shall meet, but we shall miss him,  
 There will be one vacant chair;  
 We shall linger to caress him  
 While we breathe our evening prayer.

When a year ago we gathered,  
 Joy was in his bright blue eye,  
 But a golden cord is severed,  
 And our hopes in ruin lie.

Chorus: We shall meet, but we shall miss him,  
 There will be one vacant chair;  
 We shall linger to caress him,  
 When we breathe our evening prayer.

At our fire-side, sad and lonely,  
 Often will the bosom swell  
 At remembrance of the story,  
 How our noble Willie fell;  
 How he strove to bear our banner  
 Through the thickest of the fight,  
 And upheld our country's banner  
 In the strength of mankind's might.

Chorus: We shall meet, etc.

True, they tell us wreaths of glory  
 Evermore will deck his brow,  
 But this soothes the anguish only  
 Weeping o'er our heart-strings now.  
 Sleep, to-day, O early fallen,  
 In the green and narrow bed,  
 Dirges from the pine and cypress  
 Mingle with the tears we shed.

Chorus: We shall meet, etc.

---

I HAVE NO MOTHER NOW.

The midnight stars are gleaming  
 Upon the silent wave,  
 Where sleepeth, without dreaming,  
 The one we could not save.  
 A cloud of grief is heaping  
 Its shadow on my brow;  
 O, blame me not for weeping,  
 I have no mother now.

Yet, not alone she lieth,  
 One angel child is there;  
 No more for him she sigheth,  
 For death hath joined the pair —  
 Together sweetly sleeping  
 Beneath the locust bough.  
 O, blame me not for weeping,  
 I have no mother now.

---

THE LITTLE DRUMMER.

'Tis of a little drummer  
 The story I shall tell,  
 Of how he marched to battle,  
 And all that there befell;  
 Out in the West with Lyon  
 (For once that name was true),  
 For whom the little drummer beat  
 His *rat-tat-ta ta ta-too*.

Our army rose at midnight,  
 Ten thousand men as one,  
 Each slinging on his knapsack  
 And snatching up his gun;  
 "Forward!" and off they started,  
 As all good soldiers do,  
 When the little drummer beats for them  
 The *rat-tat-ta ta ta-too*.

Across a rolling country,  
 Where the mist began to rise;  
 Past many a blackened farm-house,  
 Till the sun was in the skies;  
 Then we met the rebel pickets,  
 Who skirmished and withdrew,  
 While the little drummer beat and beat  
 The *rat-tat-ta ta ta-too*.

Along the wooded hollows  
 The line of battle ran:  
 Our centre poured a volley,  
 And the fight at once began —  
 For the rebels answered, shouting,  
 And a shower of bullets flew;  
 But still the little drummer beat  
 His *rat-tat-ta ta ta-too*.



He stood among his comrades,  
 As they quickly formed the line,  
 And when they raised their muskets  
 He watched the barrels shine:  
 And when the volley broke, he started,  
 For war to him was new:  
 But still the little drummer beat  
 His *rat-tat-ta ta ta-too*.

It was a sight to see them,  
 That early autumn day —  
 Our soldiers in their blue coats,  
 And the rebel ranks in gray;  
 The smoke that rolled between them,  
 The balls that whistled through,  
 And the little drummer as he beat  
 His *rat-tat-ta ta ta-too*.

His comrades dropped around him —  
 By fives and tens they fell,  
 Some pierced by Minie bullets,  
 Some torn by shot and shell.  
 They played against our cannon,  
 And a caisson's splinters flew;  
 But still the little drummer beat  
 His *rat-tat-ta ta ta-too*.

The right, the left, the centre —  
 The fight was everywhere;  
 They pushed us here — we wavered —  
 We drove and broke them there.  
 The gray-backs fixed their bayonets  
 And charged the coats of blue —  
 But still the little drummer beat  
 His *rat-tat-ta ta ta-too*.

"Where is our little drummer?"  
 His nearest comrades say,  
 When the dreadful fight is over  
 And the smoke is cleared away.  
 As the rebel corps was scattering  
 He urged them to pursue —  
 So furiously he beat and beat  
 The *rat-tat-ta ta ta-too*.

He stood no more among them;  
 A bullet, as it sped,  
 Had glanced and struck his ankle,  
 And stretched him with the dead!

He crawled behind a cannon,  
 And pale and paler grew;  
 But still the little drummer beat  
 His *rat-tat-ta ta ta-too*.

They bore him to the surgeon,  
 A busy man was he;  
 "A drummer boy — what ails him?"  
 His comrades answered, "seel"  
 As they took him from the stretcher  
 A heavy breath he drew,  
 And his little fingers strove to beat  
 The *rat-tat-ta ta ta-too*.

The ball had spent its fury:  
 "A scratch," the surgeon said,  
 As he wound the snowy bandage  
 Which the lint was staining red!  
 "I must leave you now, old fellow!"  
 "O, take me back with you,  
 For I know the men are missing me,  
 And the *rat-tat-ta ta ta-too*!"

Upon his comrade's shoulder  
 They lifted him so grand,  
 With his dusty drum before him  
 And his drum-sticks in his hand!  
 To the fiery front of battle,  
 That nearer, nearer drew —  
 And evermore he beat and beat  
 His *rat-tat-ta ta ta-too*.

The wounded, as he passed them,  
 Looked up and gave a cheer;  
 And one in dying blessed him,  
 Between a smile and tear!  
 And the gray-backs — they are flying  
 Before the coats of blue,  
 For whom the little drummer beats  
 His *rat-tat-ta ta ta-too*.

When the west was red with sunset  
 The last pursuit was o'er;  
 Brave Lyon rode the foremost,  
 And looked the name he bore!  
 And before him, on his saddle,  
 As a weary child would do,  
 Sat the little drummer fast asleep,  
 With his *rat-tat-ta ta ta-too*.

## VIVA L'AMERICA.

Noble Republic! happiest of lands,  
 Foremost of nations Columbia stands;  
 Freedom's proud banner floats in the skies,  
 Where shouts of Liberty daily arise.  
 "United we stand, divided we fall,"  
 Union for ever — freedom to all.

Chorus: Throughout the world our motto shall be,  
 Viva l'America, home of the free.

Should ever traitor rise in the land,  
 Curs'd be his homestead, wither'd his hand;  
 Shame be his mem'ry, scorn be his lot,  
 Exile his heritage, his name a blot;  
 "United we stand, divided we fall,"  
 Granting a home and freedom to all.

Chorus: Throughout the world our motto shall be,  
 Viva l'America, home of the free.

To all her heroes Justice and Fame,  
 To all her foes a traitor's foul name;  
 Our "Stripes and Stars" still proudly shall wave,  
 Emblem of Liberty, flag of the brave,  
 "United we stand, divided we fall,"  
 Gladly we'll die at our country's call!

Chorus: Throughout the world our motto shall be,  
 Viva l'America, home of the free.

---

 WAS MY BROTHER IN THE BATTLE?

Tell me, tell me, weary soldier,  
 From the rude and stirring wars,  
 Was my brother in the battle  
 Where you gained those noble scars?  
 He was ever brave and valiant,  
 And I know he never fled;  
 Was his name among the wounded,  
 Or numbered with the dead?  
 Was my brother in the battle  
 When the tide of war raged high?  
 You would know him in a thousand  
 By his dark and flashing eye.

Chorus: Tell me, tell me, wounded soldier,  
 Will he never come again?  
 Did he suffer 'mid the wounded?  
 Or die among the slain?

Was my brother in the battle  
 When the noble Highland host  
 Were so wrongfully outnumbered,  
 On the Carolina coast?  
 Did he struggle for the Union,  
 'Mid the thunder and the rain,  
 Till he fell among the bravest  
 On a bleak Virginia plain?  
 Oh, I'm sure that he was dauntless,  
 And his courage neer would lag,  
 While contending for the honor  
 Of our dear and cherished flag.

Chorus: Tell me, tell me, etc.

Was my brother in the battle  
 When the flag of Erin came  
 To the rescue of our banner,  
 And protection of our fame?  
 While the fleet from off the waters  
 Poured out terror and dismay;  
 Till the bold and erring foe  
 Fell like leaves in autumn days.  
 When the bugle called to battle,  
 And the cannon deeply roared,  
 Oh, I wish I could have seen him  
 Draw his sharp and glittering sword.

Chorus: Tell me, tell me, etc.

---

#### SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA.

Our camp-fires shone bright on the mountains,  
 That frowned on the river below,  
 While we stood by our guns, in the morning,  
 And eagerly watched for the foe:  
 When a rider came out from the darkness  
 That hung over mountain and tree,  
 And shouted — "Boys, up! and be ready!  
 For Sherman will march to the sea!"

Then cheer upon cheer for bold Sherman  
 Went up from each valley and glen,  
 And the bugles re-echoed the music  
 That came from the lips of the men:  
 For we knew that the stars on our banner  
 More bright in their splendour would be,  
 And that blessings from North-land would greet us,  
 When Sherman marched down to the sea.

Then, forward! boys, forward to battle!  
 We marched on our wearisome way,  
 And we stormed the wild hills of Resaca —  
 God bless them who fell on that day!  
 Then Kenesaw, dark in its glory,  
 Frowned down on the Flag of the Free —  
 But the East and the West bore our standards,  
 And Sherman marched down to the sea.

Still onward we pressed, till our banners  
 Swept out from Atlanta's grim walls,  
 And the blood of the patriot dampened  
 The soil where the Traitor's flag falls —  
 But we paused not to weep for the fallen  
 Who slept by each river and tree;  
 Yet we twined them a wreath of the laurel,  
 As Sherman marched down to the sea!

Proud, proud was our army that morning,  
 That stood where the pine proudly towers,  
 When Sherman said — "Boys, you are weary;  
 This day fair Savannah is ours!"  
 Then sung we a song for our chieftain,  
 That echoed o'er river and lea —  
 And the stars in our banners shone brighter,  
 When Sherman marched down to the sea!

---

#### THE WILD IRISH BOY.

Farewell to the dear land I leave far behind,  
 Farewell to my father, although he be blind:  
 Shall I ever forget him, while my heart beats with joy?  
 For he called me his darling, the wild Irish Boy.

When I came to this country I had brogues (*shoes*) on my feet,  
 And corduroy breeches; although I looked neat,  
 Yet the boys they all laughed at me, which to me was a joy,  
 For they called me the hero, the wild Irish Boy.

There is one they'll remember and never forget,  
 'Tis Washington's dear friend, the bold Lafayette,  
 Who gave fortune and all, not wishing for fame,  
 For he dearly loved Freedom and Washington's name.

I will send for my parents, and they will come here,  
 To a land filled with plenty, and a land they love dear;  
 For I know they will bless me, while their hearts beat with joy,  
 For they called me their own son, their wild Irish Boy.

There's the land of my kindred, I'll never forget,  
 For the time it may come when it will be happy yet;  
 Would to God it were now! 'twould give me great joy  
 To gaze once more on it, tho' a wild Irish Boy!

---

#### NO IRISH NEED APPLY.

I'm a dacint (*decent*) boy, just landed from the town of Ballyfad,  
 I want a situation, yis, I want it mighty bad.  
 I saw a place advertised; it's the place for me, says I,  
 But the dirty spalpeen (*wight*) ended with: No Irish need apply.  
 Whoo! says I, but that's an insult, though to get the place I'll try,  
 So, I wint to see thee blaggar (*placard*) with: No Irish need apply.

I started off to find the house, I got it mighty soon,  
 There I found the ould chap saited, he was reading the Tribune;\* )  
 I tould him what I came for, whin he in a rage did fly;  
 "Nol" says he, "you are a Paddy, and no Irish need apply".  
 Thin I felt my dandher (*anger*) rising, and I'd like to black his eye,  
 To tell an Irish gintleman: No Irish need apply.

I couldn't stand it longer, so a houl't of him I took,  
 And I gave him such a welting (*box*) as h'd get at Donnybrook.  
 He hollered (*cried*), Millia murther! and to get away did try,  
 And swore he'd never write again: No Irish need apply,  
 He made a big apology, I bid him thin good-bye,  
 Saying, "When next you want a bating, add, No Irish need apply".

Sure, I've heard that in America it always is the plan,  
 That an Irishman is just as good as any other man;  
 A home and hospitality they never will deny  
 The stranger here, or ever say: No Irish need apply;  
 But some black sheep are in the flock, a dirty lot say I,  
 A dacint man will never write: No Irish need apply.

---

\*) New York newspaper.



Sure, Paddy's heart is in his hand, as all the world does know,  
 His praties (*potatoes*) and his whiskey he will share with friend or foe;  
 His door is always open to the stranger passing by,  
 He never thinks of saying: None but Irish may apply.  
 And in Columbia's history his name is ranking high,  
 Thin the divil take the knaves that write: No Irish need apply.

Ould Ireland on the battle-field a lasting fame has made,  
 We all have heard of Meagher's men, and Corcoran's brigade.  
 Though fools may flout (*insult*) and bigots rave, and fanatics may cry,  
 Yet when they want good fighting men, the Irish may apply,  
 And when for freedom and the right they raise the battle-cry,  
 Then the Rebel ranks begin to think: No Irish need apply!

#### LANNEGAN'S BALL.

In the town of Asthoy lived one Johnny Lannegan,  
 He battered away till he hadn't a pound;  
 His father he died, and made him a man again,  
 He left him a farm and an acre of ground.  
 He gave a large party to all his relations,  
 Who didn't forget when sent to the wall;  
 If you but listen, I'll make your eyes glisten  
 At the rows and ructions (*fights*) at Lannegan's ball.

Myself, to be sure, got free invitations  
 For all the nice boys and girls that I'd ask;  
 In less than a minute, his friends and relations  
 Were dancing as merry as bees round a cask.  
 Miss O'Hara, the nice little milliner,  
 Tipt me the wink to give her a call;  
 Next we arrived at Timothy Gillegan's,  
 Just in time for Lannegan's ball.

There was lashions of whiskey, and wine for the ladies,  
 Praties (*potatoes*) and cake, bacon and tea:  
 The Nolans, Dolans, and the O'Gradys  
 Were kissing the girls and dancing away;  
 For songs, they were as plenty as water, sure,  
 From the "Harp that once through Tara's old Hall",  
 "Sweet Nelly Gray", and the "Ratcatcher's daughter",  
 Were dancing in couples at Lannegan's ball.

Oh, there was all sorts of nonsensical dancing  
 All around the room, in a neat whirligig;  
 But Judy and I soon banished their nonsense,  
 For we leapt them a step of a neat Irish jig (*dance*)!

Och, Mavourneen! wasn't she fond of me!  
 We danced till you'd think the old ceiling would fall;  
 Sure we spent a whole week at Daly's academy,  
 Learning a step for Lannegan's ball.

The boys they got gay, and the girls they got frisky,  
 All dancing together in couples and groups,  
 Till an accident happened young Brien O'Shaughnessy,  
 He stuck his right foot through Miss Hagerty's hoops!  
 The creature roared and bawled mealy-murder!  
 She roared for her friends, till she gathered them all;  
 Ned Harding he swore he wouldn't go further,  
 Till he had satisfaction at Lannegan's ball.

In the midst of the row Miss Cavenagh fainted,  
 Her cheeks all the time as red as a rose;  
 The ladies declared her cheeks they where painted,  
 But she'd taken a small drop too much, I suppose.  
 Big Ned Courtenay, so heavy and able,  
 When he saw his dear Colleen stretched down by the wall,  
 He pulled the best leg from under the table,  
 And broke all the China at Lannegan's ball.

Och, bloody wars! and there was the ructions —  
 Myself got a clout (*blow*) from Phelim Mc Cue,  
 I soon replied to his kind invitations,  
 I kicked up the devil's own phillimaloo!  
 Ould Casy, the piper, he nearly got strangled,  
 We bundled him up, pipes, chaunter and all;  
 The ladies in ribbands they all got entangled,  
 And that's put an end to Lannegan's ball.

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#### THE IRISHMAN'S SHANTY.

Did ye's ever go int'll an Irishman's shanty (*hut*)?  
 Och! b'ys, that's the place where the whisky is plenty;  
 With his pipe in his mouth, there sits Paddy so free,  
 No king in his palace is prouder than he!  
 Arrah! me honey! w-h-a-c-k! Paddy's the boy!

There's a three-legged stool, with a table to match  
 And the door of the shanty is *locked* with a *latch*;  
 There's a nate (*neat*) feather matrass all bustin' (*bursting*) with straw,  
 For the want of a bedstead it lies on the floor.  
 Arrah! etc.



There's a snug little bureau, without paint or gilt,  
 Made of boards that was left when the shanty was built;  
 There's a three-cornered mirror hangs on the wall,  
 But divil the face has been in it at all.

Arrah! etc.

He has pigs in the sty, and a cow in the stable,  
 And he feeds them on scraps that is left from the table;  
 They'd starve if confined, so they roam at their aise (*ease*).  
 And come into the shanty whinever they please (*please*).

Arrah! etc.

He has three rooms in one — kitchen, bed-room and hall,  
 And his chist it is three wooden pegs in the wall;  
 Two suits of owld clothes makes his wardrobe complete,  
 One to wear in the shanty, *that same* for the street.

Arrah! etc.

He can relish good victuals as ever ye's ate,  
 But is always continted with pratics and mate (*meat*);  
 He prefers them when cowl'd (if he can't get them hot),  
 And makes tay (*tea*) in a bowl when he can't get a pot.

Arrah! etc.

He heeds not the rain, though it comes in a flood,  
 For the roof of the shanty is *shingled* with *mut*;  
 There's a hole at one end makes a chimney so neat  
 For the smoke and the sparks from the fire to retreat.

Arrah! etc.

There's one who partakes of his sorrows and joys,  
 Attends to the shanty, the girl and the boys;  
 (The brats he thinks more of than gold that's refined),  
 But Biddy's the *jewel* that's *set* in his mind.

Arrah! etc.

The rich may divide their enjoyments alone,  
 With those who have riches as great as their own;  
 But Pat hangs the latch-string outside of his door,  
 And will share his last cent with the needy and poor.

Arrah! etc.

## TIM FINIGAN'S WAKE.

Tim Finigan lived in Walker street,  
 A gentleman Irishman — mighty odd —  
 He'd a beautiful brogue, so rich and sweet,  
 And to rise in the world he carried the hod (*trough*);  
 But you see he'd a sort of a tipling way,  
 With a love for the liquor poor Tim was born,  
 And to help him through his work each day,  
 He'd a drop of the creatur' every morn'.

Chorus: Whack, hurrah, blood and 'ounds, ye sowl ye  
 Welt the flure, ye're trotters shake,  
 Isn't it the truth I've tould ye,  
 Lots of fun at Finigan's wake.

One morning Tim was rather full,  
 His head felt heavy, which made him shake,  
 He fell from the ladder and broke his skull,  
 So they carried him home his corps to wake;  
 They rolled him up in a nice clean sheet,  
 And laid him out upon the bed,  
 With fourteen candles round his feet,  
 And a couple of dozen around his head.

Chorus: Whack, hurrah etc.

His friends assembled at his wake,  
 Missus Finigan called out for the lunch;  
 First they laid in tay and cake,  
 Then pipes and tobacky and whiskey punch.  
 Miss Biddy O'Brien began to cry;  
 Such a purty (*pretty*) corps did ever you see!  
 Arrah! Tim avourneen (*beloved*), an' why did ye die?  
 Och, none of your gab (*crying*), sez Judy Magee.

Chorus: Whack, hurrah, etc.

Then Peggy O'Connor took up the job:  
 Arrah, Biddy, says she, ye're wrong I'm sure,  
 But Judy then gave her a belt on the gob (*box on the ear*),  
 And left her sprawling on the flure (*floor*).  
 Each side in the war did soon engage;  
 'Twas woman to woman, and man to man,  
 Shillelah law was all the rage  
 An' a bloody ruction soon began.

Chorus: Whack, hurrah, etc.

Mickey Mulvaney raised his head,  
 When a gallon of whiskey flew at him;  
 It missed him — and hopping on the bed,  
 The liquor scattered over Tim!  
 Bedad! he revives! see how he raises!  
 An' Timothy jumping from the bed,  
 Cries, while he lathered around like blazus (*flames*):  
 "Bad luck till yer souls, d'ye think I'm dead?"

Chorus: Whack, hurrah, etc.

#### KITTY WELLS.

You ask what makes this darkie weep,  
 Why he like others is not gay,  
 What causes the tear to flow down his cheek  
 From early morn till close of day?  
 My story, darkies, you shall hear,  
 For in my memory fresh it dwells:  
 It will cause you all to drop a tear  
 On the grave of my sweet Kitty Wells.

Chorus: While the birds were singing in the morning,  
 And the myrtle and the ivy were in bloom,  
 And the sun on the hill was a dawning,  
 It was then we laid her in the tomb.

I never shall forget the day  
 That we together roamed the dells;  
 I kiss'd her cheek, and named the day  
 That I should marry Kitty Wells:  
 But death came in my cabin door,  
 And took from me my joy and pride,  
 And when I found she was no more,  
 I laid my banjo down and cried.

Chorus: While the birds were singing in the morning,  
 And the myrtle and the ivy were in bloom,  
 And the sun on the hill was a dawning,  
 It was then we laid her in the tomb.

I often wish that I was dead,  
 And laid beside her in the tomb,  
 The sorrow that bows down my head  
 Is silent in the midnight gloom.

The spring time has no charms for me,  
 Though flowers are blooming in the dells,  
 For that bright form I do not see,  
 The form of my sweet Kitty Wells.

Chorus: While the birds were singing in the morning,  
 And the myrtle and the ivy were in bloom,  
 And the sun on the hill was a dawning,  
 It was then we laid her in the tomb.

---

SALLY, COME UP.

Massa's gone to town de news to hear,  
 And he has left the overseer  
 To look over all de niggers here,  
 While I make love to Sally!  
 She's such a belle,  
 A real dark swell,  
 She dress' so slick, and look so well!  
 Dar's not a gal like Sally.

Chorus: Sally, come up, oh, Sally go down!  
 Sally, come twist your heel around,  
 De old man he's gone down to town,  
 Oh, Sally, come down de middle!

Last Monday night I gave a ball,  
 And I invite de niggers all;  
 De thick, de thin, de short, de tall,  
 But none came up to Sally!  
 And at de ball,  
 She did lick them all;  
 Black Sal was the fairest gal ob all,  
 My lubly (*lovely*), charming Sally!

Chorus: Sally, come up, etc.

De fiddle was played by Pompey Jones,  
 Uncle Ned he shook de bones,  
 Joe play'd on de pine-stick stones;  
 But they couldn't play up to Sally!  
 Ole Dan Rose  
 Play'd de ole banjo (*guitar*),  
 Ginger Blue de big drum blew,  
 But he couldn't blow like Sally.

Chorus: Sally, come up, etc.

Dar was dat lubly gal, Miss Fan,  
 With a face as broad as a frying-pan;  
 But Sally's is as broad again —

Dar's not a face like Sally's!

She's got a foot

To fill out de boot,

So broad, so long as a gum-tree root,  
 Such a foot has Sally!

Chorus: Sally, come up, etc.

Sally can dance, Sally can sing,  
 De cat-choke reel, and break-down fling;  
 To get de niggers in a string,

Dar's not a gal like Sally's!

Tom, Sam, and Ned

Oft wish me dead;

To dem both all tree I said,

Don't you wish you may get my Sally?

Chorus: Sally, come up, etc.

Sally has got a lubly nose,  
 Flat across her face it grows,  
 It sounds like thunder when it blows,

Such a lubly nose has Sally!

She can smell a rat,

So mind what you're at;

It's rather sharp, although it's flat,

Is de lubly nose ob Sally!

Chorus: Sally, come up, etc.

De oder night I said to her:  
 I'll hab you, if you'll hab me.

All right, says she, I do agree;

So I smash up wid Sally.

She's rader dark,

But quite up to the mark!

Neber was such a gal for a lark,

Such a clipper gal is Sally!

Chorus: Sally, come up, etc.

## KINGDOM COMING.

Say darkeys, hab you seen de massa,  
 Wid de mufstash (*moustachios*) on his face,  
 Go long de road some time dis mornin'  
 Like he gwine (*going*) to leab the place?  
 He seen a smoke way up de ribber,  
 Whar de Linkum gumboats (*Lincoln gunboats*) lay;  
 He took his hat, an' lef' berry sudden,  
 And I spec' (*speculate*) he's run away!

Chorus: De massa run, ha, ha!  
 De darkeys stay, ho, ho!  
 It mus' he now kingdom (*day of judgment*) comin,  
 An' de year ob Jubilo.

He six foot' one way, two foot tudder (*the other*)  
 An' he weigh t'ree hundred pound,  
 His coat so big, he couldn't pay de tailor,  
 An' it won't go half way round.  
 He drill so much, dey call him Cap'an,  
 An' he get so dreffu' tanned,  
 I spec' he try an' fool dem Yankees,  
 For to t'ink he's contraband.

Chorus: De massa run, etc.

De darkeys feel so berry lonesome  
 Libing in de log-house on de lawn,  
 Dey move dar t'ings to massa's parlor,  
 For to keep it while he's gone.  
 Dar's wine an' cider in de kitchen,  
 An' de darkeys dey'll hab some;  
 I s'pose dey'll all be confiscated  
 When de Linkum sojers (*soldiers*) come.

Chorus: De massa run, etc.

De oberseer he make us trouble,  
 An' he drike us round a spell;  
 We lock him up in de smoke-house cellar  
 Wid de key t'rown in de well.  
 De whip is lost, de han'-cuff broken,  
 But de massa'll hab his pay;  
 He's ole enuff, big enuff, ought to know better  
 Dan to went, an' run away.

Chorus: De massa run, etc.



### Abraham Lincoln.

Were there no crowns on earth,  
No evergreen to weave a hero's wreath,  
That he must pass beyond the gates of death,  
Our hero, our slain hero, to be crowned?  
Could there on our unworthy earth be found  
Naught to befit his worth?

He the noblest soul of all!  
When was there ever, since our Washington,  
A man so pure, so wise, so patient, one  
Who walked with this high goal alone in sight,  
To speak, to do, to sanction only Right,  
Though very heaven should fall?

Ah, not for him we weep!  
What honour more could be in store for him?  
Who would have had him linger in our dim  
And troublesome world, when his great work was done,  
Who would not leave that worn and weary one  
Gladly to go to sleep?

For us the stroke was just,  
We were not worthy of that patient heart;  
We might have helped him more, not stood apart,  
And coldly criticised his works and ways —  
Too late now, all too late, our little praise  
Sounds hollow o'er his dust.

Be merciful, our God!  
Forgive the meanness of our human hearts,  
That never, till a noble soul departs,  
See half the worth, or hear the angel's wings  
Till they go rustling heavenward as he springs  
Up from the mounded sot.

Yet what a deathless crown  
Of Northern pine and Southern orange-flower  
For victory, and the land's new bridal hour  
Would we have wreathed for that beloved brow!  
Sadly upon his sleeping forehead now  
We lay our Cypress down.

O martyred one, farewell!  
Thou hast not left thy people quite alone,  
Out of thy beautiful life there comes a tone  
Of power, of love, of trust, a prophecy  
Whose fair fulfilment all the earth shall be,  
And all the future tell.

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# Schulnachrichten.

Von Michaelis 1866 bis Michaelis 1867.

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## A. Lehrverfassung.

### Prima.

Einjähriger Cursus. Ordinarius der Director.

Religion. An dem Religionsunterrichte nehmen nur diejenigen Schüler evangelischen Bekenntnisses Theil, welche nicht gleichzeitig den Confirmanden-Unterricht bei einem der Herren Prediger besuchen. Diejenigen, welche in der Anstalt Religions-Unterricht haben, sind zu diesem Zwecke in zwei Abtheilungen gesondert, von denen die eine die jüngeren Schüler umfasst, welche den Confirmanden-Unterricht noch nicht besuchen, die andere die älteren, welche bereits confirmirt sind. Jede Abtheilung wöchentlich 2 Stunden; in jener Katechismuslehre und Biblische Geschichte, in dieser Kirchengeschichte und Bibelkunde -- besonders die Evangelien. Dazu werden in beiden Abtheilungen Lieder aus dem Gesangbuche gelernt. *Katte.*

Deutsche Sprache. — Allgemeine und deutsche Literaturgeschichte und Poetik. Uebungen im mündlichen Vortrage. Aufsätze und Uebungen im Disponiren. Gelesen und erklärt wurden: Iphigenia, Minna von Barnhelm, Maria Stuart. 3 Stunden. Dr. *Gumlich.*

Französische Sprache. — Lectüre: Phèdre, von Racine: Le Misanthrope, von Molière. 2 Stunden. Wiederholung der schwierigeren Theile der Syntax. Französische Handelscorrespondenz. 2 Stunden. Schriftliche und mündliche Uebersetzungen aus Fränkel's Anthologie: Extemporalien. 1 Stunde. Allgemeiner Ueberblick über die französische Literaturgeschichte. 1 Stunde. Zusammen 6 Stunden. *Goulhier.*

Englische Sprache. — Gelesen wurden: Ausgewählte Abschnitte aus den Sketches von Dickens; aus Macaulay's Essays: Warren Hastings. 2 Stunden. — Nach einer Wiederholung des grammatischen Pensums der Secunda wurden die schwierigeren Regeln der Syntax durchgenommen: Extemporalien. Freie Aufsätze und Vorträge. 3 Stunden. Literaturgeschichte. 1 Stunde. Zusammen 6 Stunden. Der Director.

Technische Chemie. — Im Winter: Metalloide und Leichtmetalle. Im Sommer: Repetition des früheren Pensums, Schwermetalle. Erläuterung des Vortrags durch Experimente. 3 Stunden. Oberlehrer Dr. *Bischoff.*

Mathematik. — Stereometrie: Körperberechnungen. Arithmetik: Die arithmetischen und geometrischen Reihen und deren Anwendung bei der Zinseszins- und Rentenrechnung. 3 Stunden. Dr. *Lange.*

**Allgemeine und Handelsgeschichte.** — Universal-Handelsgeschichte des Alterthums, des Mittelalters und der Neuzeit bis zur Gegenwart. Repetition der allgemeinen Geschichte des Alterthums und der ersten Hälfte der Neuzeit, sowie der Handelsgeschichte der Neuzeit. 2 Stunden. *Katte.*

**Handelsgeographie und Statistik.** — Vergleichende Statistik der Production, des Handels und der Industrie der wichtigeren Handelsstaaten und ihrer Colonien, mit specieller Berücksichtigung Russlands, Englands, Frankreichs, Deutschlands und des Zollvereins, sowie der Nordamerikanischen Freistaaten. Gelegentliche Wiederholung der physischen und politischen Geographie. Anfertigung von Handels- und Industrie-Karten. — Elemente der mathematischen Geographie nach wissenschaftlicher Begründung. (*Précis de Géographie*, von Schweitzer.) — 3 Stunden. *Katte.*

**Kaufmännisches Rechnen und Münzkunde.** — Zinsrechnung in ihren verschiedenen Formen; Terminreductions-Rechnung. Disconto- und Wechselrechnung; Contocorrenten und Arbitragerechnung. Vergleichung einheimischer und fremder Münzen. 3 Stunden. *Schöbs.*

**Buchführung.** — Im Wintersemester wurde ein fingirtes Colonial-Waaren-Geschäft, im Sommersemester ein fingirtes Banquier-Geschäft nach den Grundsätzen der doppelten Buchführung bearbeitet. 3 Stunden. *Schöbs.*

**Allgemeine Handelskunde.** — Die Allgemeine Deutsche Wechselordnung mit Berücksichtigung der französischen und englischen Gesetzgebung. Die Lehre vom öffentlichen Credit und der darauf beruhenden Creditpapiere; der Börsenverkehr und Handel mit Wechseln, Fonds und Actien; Banken und Bankwesen, Handelsgesellschaften; Seehandel und Rhedereigeschäft. 2 Stunden. *Schöbs.*

**Correspondenz.** — Anleitung zur Anfertigung kaufmännischer Briefe in französischer (s. franz. Sprache) und englischer Sprache: Circulare, Dienstanerbietungen, Empfehlungen, Marktberichte, Ein- und Verkauf von Waaren, Credit- und Wechselgeschäfte, u. s. w. Französische und englische Wechsel und andere kaufmännische Documente. 1 Stunde. Der Director.

**Schreiben.** — Diktat-Taktschreiben: Anwendung deutscher und französischer Schrift: Antiqua- und Plan-Schrift. Uebung der deutschen und römischen Zahlen. Einübung von Waaren-Zeichen. Schreiben nach Vorschriften des Lehrers. 2 Stunden. *Heilmann.*

**Gesang.** — Der Gesangunterricht wurde in drei wöchentlichen Stunden ertheilt: es hatten Sopran und Alt eine Stunde, Tenor und Bass eine Stunde; in der dritten wurden vierstimmige Lieder und Gesänge im gemischten Chor eingeübt. Musikdirector Professor *Commer.*

## Ober - Secunda.

Halbjähriger Cursus. Ordinarius Dr. *Lange.*

**Religion.** — S. Prima.

**Deutsche Sprache.** — Die Lehre vom zusammengesetzten und vom abgekürzten Satze, sowie von den Perioden. Grundzüge der Poetik und der deutschen Metrik. Anleitung zum Disponiren. Freie Aufsätze. Schwierigere Gedichte von Schiller wurden erklärt, memorirt und vorgetragen. 3 Stunden. *Katte.*

**Französische Sprache.** — Zur Lectüre dienten schwierigere Stücke aus dem Lesebuche von Hundeiker und Plate, sowie L'Abbé de l'Épée. Grammatik: Plötz, Cursus II., Abschnitte IV., V. und VI., mit Weglassung einiger weniger wichtigen Lectionen. Der grammatische Stoff wurde durch Exercitien, Extemporalien und Dictate eingeübt. Uebersetzung aus Niebuhr's Heroengeschichten. Memoriren einzelner Scenen aus dem gelesenen Stücke. 6 Stunden. Dr. *Burtin*.

**Englische Sprache.** — Aus dem Handbuche der Englischen Literatur von Bolz und Franz wurden gelesen die Abschnitte: Smollet, Franklin, Radcliffe, Chesterfield, Addison. Syntax nach Plate. Exercitien, Extemporalien, Dictate. Aus dem English Vocabulary des Lehrers wurden theils wiederholt, theils gelernt die Nummern 1—50, 62—66, 103—107. Das Gelernte wurde bei den Extemporalien, sowie zu mündlichen Uebungen benutzt, zu welchen auch die aus dem Handbuche gelesenen Abschnitte angewendet wurden. 5 Stunden. Der Director.

**Physik.** — Im Wintersemester Schall, Licht und Wärme. Im Sommersemester Electricität. 2 Stunden. Oberlehrer Dr. *Bischoff*.

**Mathematik.** — Geometrie: Die Lehre von der Proportionalität der Linien und die Aehnlichkeit der Figuren. Arithmetik: Die Gleichungen des ersten und zweiten Grades. 3 Stunden. Dr. *Lange*.

**Allgemeine Geschichte.** — Neuere Geschichte vom achtzehnten Jahrhundert an. Vaterländische Geschichte. 2 Stunden. *Katte*.

**Allgemeine Geographie.** — Deutschland, nach Daniel. Kartographische Uebungen. 2 Stunden. Dr. *Lange*.

**Kaufmännisches Rechnen und Münzkunde.** — Zusammengesetzte Regel-de-tri; Gesellschaftsrechnung; Mischungs-, Rabatt-, Discont-, Procent- und Wechselrechnung. Einleitung in die specielle Münzkunde. 2 Stunden. *Schöbs*.

**Buchführung.** — Es wurde ein fingirtes Colonial-Waaren-Geschäft nach der Methode der doppelten Buchführung bearbeitet. 3 Stunden. *Schöbs*.

**Handelskunde.** — Die wichtigsten Zweige des kaufmännischen Geschäftsbetriebes. Erklärung der Allgemeinen Deutschen Wechselordnung nebst Anfertigung aller vorkommenden Wechsel. 1 Stunde. *Schöbs*.

**Correspondenz.** — Anleitung zur Anfertigung von Geschäftsbriefen aller Art, wozu die Buchführung den nöthigen Stoff lieferte. 1 Stunde. *Schöbs*.

**Schreiben.** — Ziffern. Erklärung der lateinischen Schrift. — Schreiben nach des Lehrers Vorschriften, bestehend in Circularen, kaufmännischen Briefen, Facturen, Berechnungen und dergleichen. Kopf-Schrift. Diktat-Taktschreiben in deutscher und französischer Schrift. 2 Stunden. *Heilmann*.

**Zeichnen.** — Zeichnen von Maschinentheilen in geometrischen und perspectivischen Verhältnissen in Farben-Ausführung. Die vorgerückteren Schüler zeichnen vollständige Maschinen, welche zum Theil von kleinen Vorlegeblättern im vergrößerten Massstabe ausgeführt wurden. 2 Stunden. *Heilmann*.

**Gesang.** — S. Prima.



## Unter - Secunda.

Halbjähriger Cursus. Ordinarius Candidat *Demme*.

Religion. — S. Prima.

Deutsche Sprache. — Die Lehre vom zusammengezogenen und vom zusammengesetzten Satze. Eine Anzahl weniger schwieriger Gedichte Schiller's wurden erklärt, memorirt und vorgetragen. Anleitung zum Disponiren. Freie Aufsätze. 3 Stunden. *Katte*.

Französische Sprache. — Lectüre: Ausgewählte Stücke aus Hundeiker und Plate. Grammatik: Plötz, Cursus II., Abschnitte II., III. und einige Lectionen aus IV. Exercitien, Extemporalien, Dictate. Uebersetzungen aus Niebuhr's Heroengeschichten. Memoriren von Gedichten und von Vocabeln. Uebungen im Sprechen. 5 Stunden. Dr. *Burtin*.

Englische Sprache. — Aus dem Handbuche der Englischen Literatur wurden gelesen: The Disabled Soldier; Discovery of America; Sacrifice of a Hindoo Widow. Grammatik: Plate, II. Theil, Lectionen 17—27; 35 und 36; 39—41; 44—48. Die Hülfsverba des Modus, die Begriffsverba: Accusativ mit dem Infinitiv; das Hülfsverb lassen; die Pronomina; das Adjectiv. Memorirt wurden: The Disabled Soldier, die sämtlichen unregelmässigen Verba, die Vocabeln bis einschliesslich No. 39 des English Vocabulary. Die zu den obigen Lectionen im Plate unter A gegebenen deutschen Uebungsbeispiele wurden fast alle schriftlich übersetzt. 5 Stunden. Candidat *Demme*.

Physik. — Die mechanischen Eigenschaften der Körper im Allgemeinen. Die Mechanik der festen, flüssigen und luftförmigen Körper. Der Magnetismus. 2 Stunden. Oberlehrer Dr. *Bischoff*.

Mathematik. — Geometrie: Die Lehre von den Flächenräumen. — Aritmetik: Die vier Grundoperationen mit allgemeinen Zahlen. 3 Stunden. Dr. *Lange*.

Allgemeine Geschichte. — Die erste Hälfte der Neuzeit bis zum Ende des siebenzehnten Jahrhunderts. Gelegentliche Repetition der Geschichte des Mittelalters. 2 Stunden. *Katte*.

Allgemeine Geographie. — Die Länder Europas mit Ausschluss von Deutschland. Uebungen im Kartenzeichnen. 2 Stunden. Dr. *Lange*.

Kaufmännisches Rechnen und Münzkunde. — Wiederholung und Erweiterung der Regel-de-tri, Zinsrechnung, Rabattrechnung, Kettenrechnung. — Einleitung in die specielle Münzkunde. 3 Stunden. *Schöbs*.

Buchführung. — Erklärung des Begriffes und Zweckes der kaufmännischen Buchführung. Eintheilung des Vermögens und Besitzstandes (Inventur.) Form und Einrichtung der nentbehrlichen kaufmännischen Bücher und Erläuterung der einfachen Buchführung in denselben. 2 Stunden. *Schöbs*.

Handelskunde. — Ursprung und Eintheilung des Handels (Handelsarten). Erläuterung der Begriffe: Waaren, Tauschwerth und Gebrauchswerth; Marktpreis, bestimmt durch Angebot und Nachfrage; Geld (Metallgeld und Papiergeld); geldwerthe Papiere: Staatspapiere (fundirte und schwebende Schuld; verschiedenes Verfahren bei Contrahirung der Staatsschulden); Pfandbriefe und Hypotheken; Aktien (Stammaktien und Prioritäten); Handel mit realen Waaren und Handel mit Geld und geldwerthen Papieren. 1 Stunde. *Schöbs*.

**Correspondenz.** — Form und Einrichtung der Geschäftsbriefe; Classification nach Inhalt und Zweck; Anleitung zur Anfertigung derselben mit Erklärung der technischen Ausdrücke und im Anschlusse an die Buchführung. 1 Stunde. *Schöbs.*

**Schreiben.** — Einübung der deutschen und lateinischen Schrift nach dem Takte im Diktat, mit besonderem Hinweis auf Verbindung der Theile, Buchstaben und Wörter. Einübung der deutschen Ziffern. Schreiben nach Vorschriften des Lehrers, bestehend in Ankündigungen, Vollmachten, Circularen, Rechnungen, Cessionen, Quittungen, Wechseln und dergleichen. 2 Stunden. *Heilmann.*

**Zeichnen.** — Geometrisches und Maschinen-Zeichnen. Theile der Maschinen auch in Farben-Ausführung. Construction verschiedener Räder. Zeichnen nach Vorlegeblättern. Die nach den Vorlegeblättern entworfenen Zeichnungen wurden entweder vergrößert oder verkleinert. 2 Stunden. *Heilmann.*

**Gesang.** — S. Prima.

### **Ober-Tertia.**

Halbjähriger Cursus. Ordinarius Dr. *Burtin.*

**Religion.** — S. Prima.

**Deutsche Sprache.** — Die Lehre vom einfachen und erweiterten Satze, wobei die verschiedenen Wortarten und die Lehre von der Interpunktion in Betracht gezogen wurden. Schriftliche Uebungen zur Befestigung der Orthographie und Bildung des Styls. Anleitung zur Anfertigung von freien Aufsätzen, in Beschreibungen und Erzählungen, namentlich in Uebertragung von erzählenden Gedichten in Prosa bestehend. Lectüre und Recitation einiger Balladen Schiller's. 3 Stunden. *Katte.*

**Französische Sprache.** — Lectüre: Es wurden leichtere Stücke aus *Hundeiker* und *Plate* gelesen und zugleich zu Sprechübungen benutzt. Grammatik: Plötz, *Elementar-cursus* von *Lection 60* an. Einübung der regelmässigen Verben, des *V. réfléchi*, und einiger unregelmässigen Verben. Exercitien und Extemporalien. Memoriren kleiner Gedichte oder leichter prosaischer Stücke und von Vocabeln. 6 Stunden. Dr. *Burtin.*

**Englische Sprache.** — Lectüre: Gelesen wurde: *The Fir-tree's Story*, aus *Plate*. Grammatik: *Plate*, I. Theil, *Lection 32—55*. Alle zu diesen Lectionen im Lehrbuche gegebenen Vocabeln wurden auswendig gelernt und die deutschen Uebungsbeispiele schriftlich übersetzt. Die unregelmässigen Verba, welche der I. Theil des *Plate* enthält, wurden memorirt. 6 Stunden. Candidat *Demme.*

**Naturgeschichte.** — Mineralogie und Geognosie; allgemeine Botanik mit Demonstrationen an lebenden Pflanzen. Die für Handel und Gewerbe wichtigsten Mineralien und Pflanzen wurden eingehender behandelt, und namentlich die in *Untertertia* nicht berührten Handelspflanzen besprochen. 2 Stunden. Oberlehrer Dr. *Bischoff.*

**Mathematik.** — Vom Dreieck, Parallelogramm und dem Kreise. — Geometrische Uebungen. 3 Stunden. Dr. *Lange.*

**Allgemeine Geschichte.** — Geschichte des Mittelalters. Repetition der Geschichte des Alterthums. 2 Stunden. *Katte.*

**Allgemeine Geographie.** — Asien, Afrika, Amerika und Australien. Uebungen im Kartenzeichnen. 2 Stunden. Dr. *Lange.*

**Kaufmännisches Rechnen.** — Wiederholung und Vervollständigung der Bruch-

rechnung, ebenso der Abkürzungen. Regel-de-tri und Anfang der Zinsrechnung. 3 Stunden. *Schöbs.*

Comptoirarbeiten. — Anleitung zur Abfassung von Bestellzetteln, Empfangscheinen, Rechnungen, Quittungen, Frachtbriefen und dergleichen. 1 Stunde. *Schöbs.*

Schreiben. — Besprechung und Einübung der deutschen und lateinischen Schrift. Schreiben nach deutschen und französischen Vorschriften, geschichtlichen, geographischen und kaufmännischen Inhalts. Takt-Schreiben; die deutschen Ziffern. 2 Stunden. *Heilmann.*

Zeichnen. — Geometrisches Zeichnen. Constructionen gleichseitiger Eckfiguren vom Dreieck bis Viereck. Entwurf geometrischer Kreis-Figuren, Theilung derselben, Ovale, Ellipsen, Cycloiden und dergleichen. — Projectionen im Grund und Aufriss. 2 Stunden. *Heilmann.*

Gesang. — S. Prima.

### Unter-Tertia.

Halbjähriger Cursus. Ordinarius *Katte.*

Religion. — S. Prima.

Deutsche Sprache. — Lehrstoff und Methode sind im Allgemeinen dieselben, wie in *Tertia A.*, nur dass in Rücksicht auf den Umstand, dass die Klasse fast durchweg aus neu aufgenommenen Schülern besteht, sowohl bei der Erklärung des Satzbaues, als bei den Declamationsübungen, namentlich aber bei den schriftlichen Arbeiten ein mehr elementarer Standpunkt festgehalten wird. Es wurden daher vorzugsweise orthographische Uebungen angestellt, und die freien Aufsätze beschränkten sich meist auf Reproductionen von mündlichen Erzählungen. 4 Stunden. *Katte.*

Französische Sprache. — Plötz, Elementarcursus. Einübung der Lectionen bis 59, der Hilfszeitwörter, der regelmässigen Conjugationen. Exercitien und Extemporalien. 4 Stunden. *Dr. Burtin.*

Englische Sprache. — Einübung der Aussprache und Leseübungen in dem Spelling Book des Lehrers. Elementar Grammatik nach Plate, Theil I. Exercitien und Extemporalien. Uebersetzt wurden die leichteren Stücke aus dem Spelling Book. Die corrigirten Extemporalien, sowie einzelne Abschnitte aus dem English Vocabulary wurden memorirt. 4 Stunden. *Der Director.*

Naturgeschichte. — Allgemeine Einleitung. Zoologie. Die für Handel und Gewerbe wichtigeren Thiere wurden eingehender behandelt, die dem Thierreiche entnommenen Producte möglichst vorgezeigt. Allgemeine Botanik mit Demonstrationen an lebenden Pflanzen; Handelspflanzen und die ihnen entstammenden Handelsobjecte wurden specieller besprochen. 2 Stunden. *Oberlehrer Dr. Bischoff.*

Mathematik. — Von der geraden Linie, dem Winkel, den Figuren im Allgemeinen; von der Congruenz der Dreiecke. — Zu Grunde gelegt wurde: Lange's Uebungsstoff für den ersten Unterricht in der Geometrie. 3 Stunden. *Dr. Lange.*

Allgemeine Geschichte. — Geschichte der Völker des Alterthums, besonders der Griechen und Römer. 2 Stunden. *Katte.*

Allgemeine Geographie. — Elemente der mathematischen Geographie. Die allgemeinen physischen und politischen Verhältnisse der Erdtheile. 2 Stunden. *Katte.*



**Kaufmännisches Rechnen.** — Die vier Species mit unbenannten und benannten Zahlen und mit den vorkommenden Abkürzungen. Bruchrechnung mit unbenannten und benannten Zahlen, sowie praktische Anwendung derselben. Uebersicht über die bekanntesten Münzen, Masse und Gewichte. 4 Stunden. *Schöbs.*

**Comptoir-Arbeiten.** — Wie in *Ober-Tertia*. 1 Stunde. *Schöbs.*

**Schreiben.** — Zunächst wurden die beim Schreiben erforderlichen Bedingungen festgestellt, welche zur Erlangung einer gefälligen und leichten Handschrift erforderlich sind, dann die Formen der Buchstaben in genetischer Folge entwickelt und praktisch geübt. Bei der Einübung wurden die Buchstaben, die Verbindung derselben im Worte nach dem Takte geschrieben und vorzugsweise die im kaufmännischen Verkehr üblichen technischen Ausdrücke gewählt. Das Erlernte wurde nach vom Lehrer selbst geschriebenen, aus der Waarenkunde entnommenen Vorschriften befestigt. Das Zahlensystem wie in *Ober-Tertia*. 2 Stunden. *Heilmann.*

**Zeichnen.** — Unterweisung in Handhabung des Zirkels, Lineals und Masses. Die Linie, deren Verlängerung und Theilung: Winkelbildung und Theilung derselben in allen Graden. Construction der Dreiecke, des Quadrates, der Vielecke. Vergrößerungen und Verkleinerungen der Quadrate. Entwurf geometrischer Figuren. 2 Stunden. *Heilmann.*

**Gesang.** — S. Prima.

## Turnunterricht.

Der Turnunterricht wurde im verflossenen Jahre im Klugeschen Turnsaale, Lindenstrasse 66., von dem Lehrer *Geiger* ertheilt. Die sämtlichen Schüler waren in vier Turnklassen getheilt und wurden in je einer wöchentlichen Stunde unterrichtet. Jede Stunde begann mit Frei- und Ordnungsübungen, worauf das Turnen an den Geräthen folgte.

Nach dem Ministerial-Rescripte vom 27. November 1866 sind die Leistungen im Turnen sowohl in den Vierteljahrs-Censuren, als auch in den Abiturienten-Zeugnissen anzugeben; es können daher Dispensationen nur auf Grund eines ärztlichen Attestes ertheilt worden.

## B. Chronik der Anstalt.

Das jetzt abgelaufene Schuljahr wurde am 15. October v. J. mit der üblichen Feierlichkeit eröffnet. Der Sommercursus begann am 2. April.

Am 31. October wohnten die Lehrer und evangelischen Schüler der Anstalt der kirchlichen Feier des Reformationsfestes in der Louisenstädtischen Kirche bei. Herr Prediger Noël hielt die Festpredigt.

Die jährliche Revision der Schule durch den Vorstand, den Herrn Prediger Noël, Herrn Commerzienrath Dietrich und Herrn Kauffmann von den Aeltesten der Kaufmannschaft, fand am 5. Februar statt.

Der Geburtstag Sr. Majestät des Königs wurde in gewohnter festlicher Weise durch Rede und Gesang gefeiert. Die Festrede hielt der Primaner Adelbert Fetter über: „Preussens deutsche Politik seit der Zeit des grossen Kurfürsten.“

Am 27. März fand unter dem Vorsitze des Herrn Provinzial-Schulraths Dr. Klix, als Königlichen Commissarius, die Abiturienten-Prüfung statt. Nachbenannte Primaner bestanden dieselbe und erwarben sich dadurch die Vergünstigung des einjährigen freiwilligen Militärdienstes.

1. Alwin Eltschig, aus Pegau, 17 Jahr alt, evangelisch, 2 Jahre in Prima,
  2. Emil Rudloff, aus Berlin, 17 Jahr alt, evangelisch, 2 Jahre in Prima,
  3. Richard Schröder, aus Berlin, 19 Jahr alt, evangelisch, 2 Jahre in Prima,
  4. Martin Piorkowsky, aus Berlin, 17 Jahr alt, mosaisch, 2 Jahre in Prima,
  5. Ernst Leppin, aus Borgisdorf, 16 Jahr alt, evangelisch,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  Jahr in Prima,
  6. Eugen Krüger, aus Berlin, 18 Jahr alt, evangelisch,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  Jahr in Prima,
  7. Robert Falcke, aus Berlin, 18 Jahr alt, evangelisch,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  Jahr in Prima,
  8. Gustav Eltschig, aus Pegau, 17 Jahr alt, evangelisch,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  Jahr in Prima,
  9. Fritz Fielitz, aus Berlin, 18 Jahr alt, evangelisch, 1 Jahr in Prima,
  10. Franz Riecke, aus Berlin, 17 Jahr alt, evangelisch, 1 Jahr in Prima,
  11. Woldemar Schrader, aus Berlin, 17 Jahr alt, evangelisch, 1 Jahr in Prima.
- Von ihnen erhielten A. Eltschig, E. Rudloff, E. Leppin, E. Krüger das Prädicat „gut,“ die übrigen „hinreichend“ bestanden.

Die von den Abiturienten bearbeiteten Aufgaben waren:

1. Deutscher Aufsatz: Die Entwicklung und Ausdehnung der Baumwollen-Industrie von den ältesten Zeiten bis auf die Gegenwart.
2. Ein Französisches Extemporale.
3. Freie französische Arbeit.  
Correspondenz zwischen Berlin und Paris.  
a) Demande d'un crédit à découvert.  
b) Réponse.
4. Freie Englische Arbeit.  
Correspondenz zwischen Hamburg und London.  
a) Auftrag zum Einkaufe von einer Partie Zucker.  
b) Ausführung des Auftrags.  
c) Versicherung der Waare.
5. Handelskunde. Der Wechselprotest, seine Bedeutung und die wichtigsten Fälle seiner Anwendung und Nichtanwendung.
6. Rechnen.  
a) Wechsel-Rechnung.  
A. in Berlin hat an C. in New-York 780 Dollars zu zahlen, lässt M. in Bremen zu 78 dahin remittiren und dann zum Course von  $108\frac{3}{4}$  auf sich trassiren. Wie viel hat Berlin zu zahlen, wenn Bremen  $\frac{1}{2}\frac{0}{0}$  Provision und  $1\frac{0}{0}\frac{0}{0}$  Courtage bei der Rimesse und  $\frac{1}{3}\frac{0}{0}$  Provision und  $1\frac{0}{0}\frac{0}{0}$  Courtage bei der Tratte berechnet?  
b) Discout-Rechnung.  
Für einen am 25. April fälligen Wechsel zahlte man am 4. März unter Abzug von  $4\frac{1}{2}\frac{0}{0}$  per Jahr Discout,  $\frac{1}{3}\frac{0}{0}$  Provision und  $\frac{1}{2}\frac{0}{0}\frac{0}{0}$  Courtage Thlr. 1781 18 Sgr. 9 Pf. Wie gross war die Wechselsumme?

## 7. Mathematische Aufgabe.

- a) Jemand zahlte am 1. Januar 1852 Thlr. 1575 und an jedem folgenden 1. Januar Thlr. 250 in eine Kasse, welche  $3\frac{1}{3}\frac{0}{0}$  Zinseszins berechnete. Wie gross war der Werth aller Einzahlungen am 1. Januar 1867?
- b) Es sind drei Punkte, welche nicht in einer geraden Linie liegen, gegeben. Es soll ein Dreieck gezeichnet werden, für welches jene Punkte die Fusspunkte der Höhe sind.
- c) Drei Centner Blei sollen in die Form eines Cylinders gegossen werden, dessen Durchmesser gleich seiner Höhe ist. Wie gross ist der Radius zu nehmen?

## 8. Chemische Arbeit. Welches sind die wichtigsten Eisenerze, und wie gewinnt man aus ihnen das Eisen?

Am 29. März fand eine öffentliche Redeübung statt, wobei von Schülern aus allen Klassen theils deutsche, französische und englische Gedichte, theils einzelne Scenen vorgetragen wurden. Dazwischen traten die Abiturienten E. Rudloff, E. Leppin und R. Falcke mit eigenen Arbeiten auf, Rudloff mit einem französischen Vortrage: Le Commerce des Phéniciens, Leppin mit einem englischen: The East-India Company. Falcke hielt die deutsche Abschiedsrede über: Die Weltausstellungen und ihr Einfluss auf Handel und Industrie. Der Sängerkhor betheiligte sich durch den Vortrag einiger vierstimmigen Gesänge. Am Schlusse wurden die Abiturienten durch den Director entlassen.

Am 3. Juli wurde der Jahrestag der Schlacht bei Königgrätz durch Rede und Gesang gefeiert. Die erstere hielt Lehrer Katte. Zur Vertheilung an fleissige Schüler waren von der Städtischen Schul-Deputation eine Anzahl Exemplare des Schmidt'schen Buches: Der deutsche Krieg von 1866, der Anstalt überwiesen worden.

Die Sommerferien fielen nach der vom Königlichen Provinzial-Schul-Collegio erlassenen Ferienordnung auf die Zeit vom 7. Juli bis 4. August.

Unter dem Vorsitze des Herrn Provinzial-Schulraths Dr. Klix bestanden am 4. Septbr. dreizehn Primaner die Abiturienten-Prüfung und erhielten dadurch das Recht zum einjährigen freiwilligen Militärdienste.

1. Ernst Kayser, aus Hohenofen, 19 Jahr alt, evangelisch,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  Jahr in Prima,
2. Carl Steinhaus, aus Berlin, 18 Jahr alt, evangelisch, 2 Jahr in Prima,
3. Rudolph Ewald, aus Berlin, 19 Jahr alt, evangelisch, 2 Jahr in Prima,
4. Hermann Hentschel, aus Langenbielan,  $18\frac{1}{4}$  Jahr alt, evangelisch, 2 Jahr in Prima,
5. Gerhard Arens, aus Berlin,  $18\frac{1}{2}$  Jahr alt, evangelisch, 2 Jahr in Prima,
6. Adalbert Füller, aus Berlin, 19 Jahr alt, katholisch,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  Jahr in Prima,
7. Paul Kühn, aus Neu-Ruppin,  $18\frac{1}{2}$  Jahr alt, evangelisch,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  Jahr in Prima,
8. Max Hartung, aus Berlin, 17 Jahr alt, evangelisch, 1 Jahr in Prima,
9. Georg Kronheim, aus Berlin,  $17\frac{1}{2}$  Jahr alt, mosaisch, 1 Jahr in Prima,
10. Carl Heyde, aus Berlin,  $18\frac{1}{2}$  Jahr alt, evangelisch, 1 Jahr in Prima,
11. Hugo Noack, aus Berlin, 18 Jahr alt, evangelisch, 1 Jahr in Prima,
12. Adelbert Fetter, aus Berlin, 18 Jahr alt, evangelisch, 1 Jahr in Prima,
13. August Trautvetter, aus Wüstewaltersdorf, 19 Jahr alt, evangelisch, 1 Jahr in Prima.

G. Arens und A. Fetter wurden von der mündlichen Prüfung dispensirt mit

dem Prädicate „gut“ bestanden. Von den übrigen erhielten A. Füller, M. Hartung, P. Kühn, C. Heyde und H. Noack das Prädicat „gut“, die übrigen „hinreichend“ bestanden.

Die Themata zu den Prüfungsarbeiten waren:

1. Deutscher Aufsatz: Ueber die Betheiligung der Araber am Weltbandel und an den Fortschritten der Civilisation.

2. Ein Französisches Extemporale.

3. Freie Französische Arbeit.

Paris — Berlin.

Circulaire. Dissolution d'une société par suite du décès de l'un des associés.

4. Freie Englische Arbeit.

Correspondenz zwischen New-Orleans und Hamburg.

a) Avis einer Consignation von Taback und der für  $\frac{1}{2}$  des Facturabetrages auf den Consignatar gezogenen Tratte.

b) Mittheilung über die Aussicht, welche das Unternehmen gewährt und über die erfolgte Assecuranz.

c) Anzeige von dem Verkaufe der Waare: Verkaufsrechnung und Anzeige über die erfolgte Annahme der Tratte.

5. Handelskunde. Ueber Zweck und Einrichtung der Börsen.

6. Rechnen.

a) Wechselrechnung.

C. in Berlin hat für Fl. 12,800 Holl. Amsterdamer Briefe nöthig und ertheilt F. in Cöln den Auftrag sie einzukaufen und nach Amsterdam zu remittiren. Wenn nun J. die Papiere zu  $141\frac{7}{8}$  kauft und auf Berlin à  $99\frac{3}{10}$  mit  $\frac{1}{3} \frac{0}{0}$  Provision trassirt, wieviel Thlr. wird dann C. zahlen müssen?

b. Discontrechnung.

Am 12. April werden von einem Banquier à  $\frac{3}{8} \frac{0}{0}$  per Monat folgende Wechsel für fremde Rechnung discountirt:

Thlr.	800	—	per	30. April,
-	950	—	-	1. Mai,
-	1,200	—	-	13. Mai,
-	1,025	—	-	23. Mai,
-	960	—	-	1. Juni.

Der Banquier berechnet  $\frac{1}{3} \frac{0}{0}$  Provision,  $1\frac{0}{100}$  Courtage und 2 Thlr. 28 Sgr. für Wechselstempel und Porto. Wie gross ist der Reinertrag dieser Wechsel?

7. Mathematische Aufgabe.

a) Eine eiserne Hohlkugel soll 125 Pfd. Gewicht und  $\frac{1}{4}$ '' Wandstärke erhalten; wie gross muss der äussere Durchmesser genommen werden?

b) A. hat sein Leben am 1. Juli 1860 mit 4000 Thlr. versichert; er zahlt 1275 Thlr. baar ein und an jedem folgenden 1. Juli 50 Thlr. Er starb am 2. Juli 1867. Wie gross ist der Nachtheil, welcher der Kasse hierdurch erwächst, wenn  $4\frac{1}{4} \frac{0}{0}$  gerechnet werden?

c. Die Schnittpunkte, in denen die drei Höhen eines Dreiecks den Kreis zum zweiten Male treffen, welcher dem Dreieck umgezeichnet ist, sind die



Ecken eines Dreiecks, dessen Winkel von den Höhen des gegebenen Dreiecks halbirt werden.

8. Chemische Aufgabe. Das Kochsalz.

Im Lehrercollegio sind keinerlei Veränderungen eingetreten: es besteht ausser dem Director, — nach ihrem Eintritte in dasselbe — aus den Herren: Dr. Lange, Katte, Schöbs, Oberlehrer Dr. Bischoff, Goulbier, Dr. Gumlich, Dr. Burtin, Candidat Demme, Seminarlehrer und Hofkalligraph Heilmann, Musikdirector Professor Commer.

### C. Statistische Nachrichten.

Das Wintersemester 18 <sup>66</sup> / <sub>67</sub> eröffnete mit . . . . .	202	Schülern.
Im Laufe desselben kamen hinzu . . . . .	8	
so dass die Gesamtzahl betrug . . . . .	210	-
Davon verliessen die Anstalt nach abgelegter Maturitätsprüfung, Ostern 1867 . . . . .	11	
Ausserdem gingen ab . . . . .	21	
Auf den Rath der Schule wurden von den Eltern zurückgezogen . . . . .	2	
	34	-
Es blieb demnach Bestand zu Ostern 1867 . . . . .	176	-
Dazu wurden aufgenommen . . . . .	33	-
so dass das Sommersemester 1867 eröffnet wurde mit . . . . .	209	Schülern,
welche sich folgendermaassen auf die Classen vertheilten:		
Prima	38	
Secunda A.	50	
Secunda B.	44	
Tertia A.	48	
Tertia B.	29	
Summa	209.	

## D. Ordnung der öffentlichen Prüfung und der damit verbundenen Vorträge.

Freitag, den 28. September 1867.

Vormittags 8 Uhr.

Choral.

### Unter - Tertia.

*Naturgeschichte.* Oberlehrer Dr. Bischoff.

Max Häusler }  
Emil Rauch } Dialog, aus Plötz.

*Rechnen.* Lehrer Schöbs.

Max Schöbs: Die Gottesmauer, von Clemens Brentano.  
Eduard Graf }  
Carl Steibert } Scene aus King Alfred.  
Theodor Sachs }

### Ober - Tertia.

*Französisch.* Dr. Burtin.

Paul Hammer: La Mort aux Rats. Boufflers.

Hugo Ehrentraut: Der Reiter und der Bodensee, v. G. Schwab.

*Geographie.* Dr. Lange.

Richard Küster }  
Siegfried Burgas } Scene aus: Snakes in the Grass, v. Buckstone.  
Oscar John }  
Leopold Bohrmann: L'Ange et l'Enfant. Reboul.

### Unter - Secunda.

*Englisch.* Candidat Demme.

Otto Krüger }  
Max Hildebrand } Scene aus: Snakes in the Grass.  
Julius Jonas }

*Rechnen.* Lehrer Schöbs.

Ewald Gendelmeyer }  
Arthur Gunckel } Le Débiteur et le Créancier.  
Theodor Baxmann: Die Döffinger Schlacht, v. L. Uhland.

### Ober - Secunda.

*Mathematik.* Dr. Lange.

Eduard John }  
Hermann Hirschfeld } L'Abbé de l'Epée. I. 2.  
Hugo Fränkel }



*Geschichte.* Lehrer Katte.

Ewald Deutsch: Bingen on the Rhine.

Paul Passarge

Richard Richter

Bruno Münchenberg } Maria Stuart. I. 7.

Nachmittags  $\frac{1}{2}$  3 Uhr.

### Prima.

*Französisch.* Lehrer Goulbier.

Grandeur et Décadence de la Hansa. (Eigene Arbeit). Abiturient Hugo Noack.

*Chemie.* Oberlehrer Dr. Bischoff.

The Influence of war on Commerce, (Eigene Arbeit). Primaner Richard Boas.

Uebersicht über die Entwicklung des Preussischen Postwesens. (Eigene Arbeit.) Abiturient Ernst Kayser.

Zwei Lieder für gemischten Chor.

a) Ich will Dich erhöhen, mein Gott!

b) Abendlied.

Entlassung der Abiturienten durch den Director.

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Das neue Schuljahr beginnt Montag, den 14. October.

**Franz.**

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**Ich will Dich erhöhen, mein Gott!**

**Franz Commer.**

Ich will Dich erhöhen, mein Gott, Du König, und Deinen Namen loben immer und ewiglich!  
Gnädig und barmherzig ist der Herr, geduldig und von grosser Güte! Der Herr ist Allen gnädig und erbarmet sich aller seiner Werke!

**Abendlied.****L. Hensel.**

Wie könnt' ich ruhig schlafen  
In dunkler Nacht,  
Wenn ich, O Gott und Vater,  
Nicht Dein gedacht?  
Es hat des Tages Treiben  
Mein Herz zerstreut —  
Bei Dir, bei Dir ist Frieden  
Und Seligkeit!

O decke meine Mängel  
Mit Deiner Huld,  
Du bist ja, Gott, die Liebe  
Und die Geduld!  
Gieb mir um was ich flehe —  
Ein reines Herz,  
Das Dir voll Freuden diene  
Im Glück und Schmerz!

Ach hilf, dass ich vergebe,  
Wie Du vergiebst,  
Und meinen Bruder liebe,  
Wie Du mich liebst!  
So schlaf ich ohne Bangen  
In Frieden ein,  
Und träume süß und stille  
Und denke Dein!

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**Franz Commer.**

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